

THE
Throne of Justice ;
A
PIN D A R I C O D E ;

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honorable the
Lord Viscount MOLESWORTH.

By Mr. BROWNE.

*Sed Dea, quæ nimis obstat Rhamnusia votis,
Ingemuit, flexitque rotam. -----*

Claud.

— he who fills a Country, a glorious happy Country, with Want,
Woe, and Sorrow, griping Want, dismal Woe, and piercing Sorrow, what
Name, what Torture, what Death does he not deserve ? He is a Destroyer
General.—He is a Mad Dog with ten thousand Mouths, who scatters Poyson,
Wounds and Death all around him.

London Journal.



L O N D O N ;

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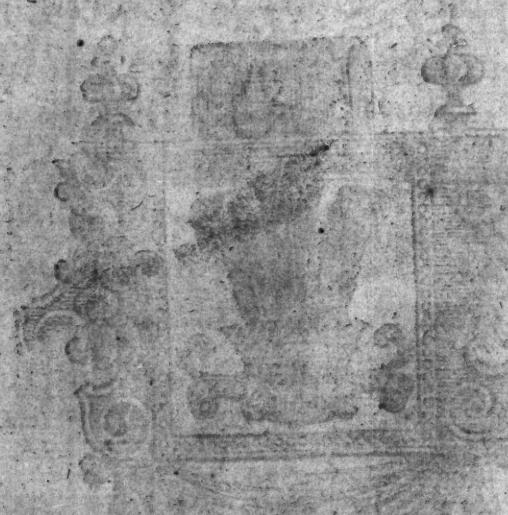
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TO V.D.O.V.:



Right Honorable,

Lord Viscount *MOLESWORTH.*

My L O R D,

 Owever the Greatness of your Lordship's Nature, that delights to dispense your Boundies in Private, has deny'd me the open Confession of 'em to the World, Your Lordship must Pardon me, if in spite of my Readiness and Industry in all things to Obey You, I break my Duty in this Point, and presume to make a grateful acknowledgment of 'em, to You and to the Public.

T H E Public are too well acquainted with Your Character, to be told it by me; for Me to enumerate Your Lordship's Virtues, and to enlarge upon them, would be as Vain, as to hold a lighted Candle to the Sun. Your Virtues of Piety, Generosity, and Public Spiritedness which so daily are Perspicuous in You, and shine thro' all the Noble Actions of your Life.

PRAISE, my Lord, (because it is so frequently given to the Unworthy, by those who only consider their own Servile Interests) we call Flattery; we generally call it so; often when it is a Debt of Duty and Sincerity; we weigh things by their Appear-

DEDICATION.

ances, and search not into the Reality of their Worth before we applaud or condemn 'em.

HENCE it is, that a Dedicator is look'd upon as bound to set forth the Glories of his Patron in the brightest Light, be they never so undescernable in themselves. I should be troubled if any thing of mine should give the least Suspicion of a Fault, I have much lamented to see so common with others, and so detrimental to true Merit and Distinction.

I speak but the Notions all Men embrace of Your Lordship. It would be base in me to say less, and daring to say more; Indeed, my good Lord, I have too great a Value for your Excellence, than to aim at the Commendation of it in it's highest Particular Offices, in my present Imbecilities of Youth, and Natural, and Learned Capacities.

YOUR Lordship is a good Judge in these things; and must know and consider, that Sixteen Years, is but a weak Instrument to produce so great a Work as the Subject and its noble Patron requires.

YOUR Lordship's great Favors to me, which I cannot choose but own in an abundant Manner, give a double Lustre to Your Glory. First in bestowing 'em on one so incapable of attaining to Your Lordship's Virtues and Graces and so greatly undeserving of 'em; and then in forgiving the vast Debt you have laid on him; and which his many Imperfections render him unable ever to repay.

WITH the Benefit I receive from them, I receive a like Honour, in being made thereby, (eternally so made)

My Noble Lord in all Truth,

Your Lordship's most oblig'd

and most devoted humble Servant,

MOS E S B R O W N E.



THE
PINNDARIC ODE.

Throne of Justice;

P I N D A R I C O D E .



ESTOR'D to ancient Rule begin my Verse,
Thou whom few Bards rehearse,
Thou Queen *Justitia* whose Impartial Eye
Does ev'ry humane Fault descry,
Assist my Mind, assist my Song
Chief of the Sacred Throng,
To whom the Skill of Sounds belong,
Who when oppressive Vice did grow
Too potent for thy Rod, forsook the World below:
Return gay Goddess to thy Native Seat,
And thy long Work compleat;
Come thou with thy attendant Train,
Assert thy Legal Reign;
Shine lovely aweful to the sight, and bless the World again.
B With

II.

With thee begins my Song, while some to Jove

Ambitious Pray'r continual keep,

And some to softer Love;

The Mariner *Leda*, on thy Twin-born Seed

Officious calls, when Storms disturb the Sea;

Affrighted at the foaming Deep,

And Pious made by need;

Justitia to the Muse belongs, the Muse her guidance craves;

Assume thy Throne, assert thy Right, that Tyrant Vice enslaves.

'Tis done; and see the Goddess mounts her Seat,

Around her aweful Executi'ners stand,

Obedient all to her Command,

Bring me (she cries) the guilty Land,

Britain shall feel my long neglected Rage,

The shameful impious Age;

Whom I so oft have sought, by Kindness to engage,

I ev'ry Shame shall open lay, and ev'ry Plot defeat.

III.

JUDGMENT, do thou my warning Summons bear,

And bid the Isle prepare,

Thro' ev'ry Street, thro' ev'ry House proclaim,

My long unmention'd Name;

And my dread Execution sound in ev'ry Ear,

In vain shall Capital Offenders shroud,

Their guilty Heads among the Baser crowd.

In vain the stately Roof, in vain the gilded Pile,

Shall Screen the Villain from my Reach, and Judgments Sword beguile.

IV.

JUDGMENT, do thou my first Command obey,

Go dress'd in all my black Array,

And the Offenders slay.

Honour

HONOR and PEACE, shall my next call attend
 The injur'd Patriots to defend,
 And their large Worth extend.

MERCY, go thou Attendant on his way,
 And rash Destruction stay;
 On ev'ry House, on ev'ry Door,
 Where Vice has never enter'd in;
 Thy sparing Task begin,
 And sprinkle the forewarning Blood, upon the Virtuos Floor,
 Judgment observe the Signal there, and pass thy pest'ience o'er.

V.

Haste my dread Ministers of Death, and seal
 The Sentence they must feel;
 Drive thro' the Kingdom with unwieldy Force,
 And in a Sable Cloud convey'd,
 Make ev'ry Heart dismay'd;
 Like the first Angel, in th' appointed Course
 Pour from the Vials of my Wrath, despair
 On ev'ry impious Soul, on ev'ry Being there,
 Confus'd and trembling let 'em view the Sign
 And as they at their Guilt repine
 Big with Perdition shed thy Plagues, and make destruction mine.

VI.

From the high Cedar to the Shrub as low
 With thy Artillery go,
 Go to the Court my Ministers, and sound
 My Orders all around;
 Let none Corrupted in the Train escape thy aweful Wound.
 Next to my Courts, my Courts of Justice hast,
 And the black Numbers wast,
 To each selected Criminal dispose,
 The full of all his Woes,
 And Judges that for Partial Bribes the guiltless Life expose.

To

To the City next return,
 There let thy Ministers of Fate adjourn ;
 But first the Task, the mighty Task pursue,
 And give to all their finish'd due ;
 In thy Right Hand my pointed Vengeance hold,
 Thy Left let softer Mercy gently fold,
 Search all the spacious Isle throughout, and purge the drossy Gold.

VII.

But think not All, tho' All deserve
 To feel the most afflicting Pain,
 I to like Punishments ordain ;
 Offending Governors must feel the smart
 Of thy severest Dart ;
 The Public Trust betray'd does loudly call,
 For publick Punishments on all,
 Supremest Tortures for the Great, but easier for the small.
 The Magistrate that by Tyrannic stealth,
 Robs Cities of their Wealth,
 Let thy strong Arm with double Fury bind,
 And for my special Wrath design'd,
 Let him Impal'd, around the Stake wreath Bloody as his Mind.

VIII.

Obedient to my Word' behold they ride
 In lovely dreadful Pride,
 Aloft my Sov'reign Subject Vengeance sits,
 And as the lesser Fates he guides
 Thro' ev'ry Province he divides
 His Numbers forth, and to each Fate his final Charge commits :
 But thou by me ordain'd my great Viceroy,
 Thy self shall the great City's Crimes destroy ;
 Perform my Will, Redress my Plight,
 O thou of able might !
 Give Justice to the Land again, and Discord put to flight.

Honour

IX.

HONOR and Peace, my calmer Servants here,

You ever to my Nature dear;

Fly to the Court, the City, and the Bar,

And spread my Message far.

Let the brave Patriot that in Justice caries,

Stood greatly for my Laws;

Share bounteous Honour of thy just Applause,

Around his Head, around his Heart,

Wreath Trophies of Desart.

Blow loud, and on thy Silver Wings, around his Fame impart,

Around the Fame, (for he deserves it most)

Of Glorious MOLESWORTH Boast,

My Brother and the choicest Friend,

That Heav'n to Purge a guilty Isle could send,

Form'd of the noblest Seeds of Worth, and Generous to defend,

Spread first his Name, and let thy Trumpet blast,

To Time's extensive Period last;

Let the glad Sound in ev'ry Ear, in ev'ry Breast be cast.

In ev'ry Breast let MOLESWORTH'S Name,

Burn with Religious Flame;

The best good Man, the least in Fault, of all the Sons of Fame.

X.

Forgive the Muse ^O Patron that with Awe,

Would thy extensive Glories draw,

If she too faulty does attempt thy Praise,

Thou canst her Weakness raise;

Fame only shall Eternity supply,

With thy Illustrious Memory :

And as her Golden Trumpet bears it round,

The Wide Concavity shall burst with the o'recharged Sound.

XI.

SIRE of the Muse, let Justice cheerful Word,

Lift to thy Fame afford,

Her Servant Honor bowing to her Will,
 Waits the glad Message to fulfil ;
 Well fitted to my Task (she cries) obey with dutious Skill,
MOLESWORTH, sagacious **MOLESWORTH**, worthy Peer,
 To the first Glories rear.
 Who the first Glory shall with **MOLESWORTH** claim,
 What Hero shalt thou raise to equal Fame :
 Sing Muse to **MOLESWORTH** all thy Strains.
 To him alone thy Verse pertains ;
 To him alone, let ev'ry Verse apply,
 To him let every wanton *Cadence* fly,
 And the *Pindaric* (Notes dance round in Music to the Eye.)

XII.

THE Goddess speaks, again she cries attend,
 Thou my chief Servant, and my Darling Friend ;
 To **MOLESWORTH** with the Conq'rous Laurels soar,
 Burn Incense on my Temple Floor ;
 Within my Temple lead my Guest,
 With shining Robes his Worth Invest ;
 Among the Train of Antient Heroes theré,
 That on my Side did openly declare ;
 Convey him to the Sacred Shrine,
 There let his Name be Registered with mine ;
 And **CATO** to the *British* Patriot join ;
 Who to amazing Excellence can rise,
 In Deeds Sublime as his great Soul, unbounded as the Skies.

XIII.

THOU Peace, my last Commission shall receive,
 And the sad Hearts relieve ;
 Let Wealth and Traffic thy compleating Train,
 Scatter Prosperity again ;
 The great Effect, the Wise Desert, of **GEORGE**'s happy Reign.
 Of **GEORGE**'s happy Reign the Fruits display,
 In that propitious Day ;

A Father to my sinking Cause, and well dispos'd to Sway.

GEORGE with WILLIAM's Name shall run.

Far as the Circuit of the Golden Sun;

Eternal Rounds of nameless time, for ever new begun.

XIV.

Now Blessings on ye all, my useful Friends,

Well fitted to my solemn Ends.

Justice shall now no more forsake the Earth,

But rule the happy Birth,

Delighted with the Praetine Scenes, of Innocence and Mirth.

No more shall Warr, no more shall devious Rage,

Disturb this Golden Age;

Iron Ambition shall forsake her Cave,

Affrighted at the Day's approaching Light,

And fly beyond the Night;

There bound in Chains of dural Strength, unpityed let her Rave.

XV.

'TWAS here my useful Ministers, 'twas here,

She first did her presuming Head appear,

Till guilty Times, and guiltier Men,

Intic'd her from her Den;

Ambition rais'd, contented with no State,

Soars to the Seat of Fate,

And calls the Ministers with Speed, from her attentive Gate.

From Her attentive Gate they come,

Big with the fatal Doom;

And fill the Populry Tomb.

XVI.

HONOR and Peace, when my Commands are sped,

Return at faithful Judgment's Head;

Thou Honor, on my Right Hand shall be plac'd,

Thou Peace, shall on my Left be grac'd;

Judgment

Judgment and Mercy, my Almighty Pair,
 Shall of the Favor share;
 Return, return, fulfillers of my Laws,
 Return with earn'd Applause;
 And to my Seat on Wings of Triumph born,
 Each my great Side adorn;
 Each my great Side, undauntedly uphold,
 Me made of Ruling Mold.
 To bring the haughty low, to make the Virtuos bold.

XVII.

Thou Goddes whose reviving Voice we hear,
 Behold thy Suppliant near;
 Let thy great Servant Honor to my Song,
 Lend kindly, Help, and make the Feeble Strong;
 MOLESWORTH, the Muse well minded would invest,
 With Praises like his Glory dress'd;
 The Theme on him; on GEORGE his Merits rest.
 Nothing more great can humble Verse sustain,
 Than MOLESWORTH's gloriou Deeds and GEORGE's Golden Reign;
 GEORGE can the Patriot of well-deserving raise,
 Above a Poet's Praise;
 Where like as on the Sun, we can but by Reflection Gaze.

XVIII.

Yet O! my Patron, and my Generous Peer,
 Will I, forbid to gaze rever,
 And as the Telescope that cheats the Eye,
 By drawing Distance nigh,
 When held reverently will expose,
 At mighty Distance, what true Sight at near Observance shows,
 Will I far off contract the boundless Space,
 In a small compass'd Place;
 Least aiming at each proper Part, I should the whole deface.